

# Children of Children

Jason Isbell

Pictures of the farm before us  
Old men in a gospel chorus  
Sepia and saddle horses  
Easy on the reins

Eighty-one, a motor inn, your momma's 17 again  
She's squinting at the dusty wind  
The anger of the plains

You and I were almost nothing  
Pray to God the Gods were bluffing  
Seventeen ain't old enough to reason with the pain  
How could we expect the two to stay in love  
When neither knew the meaning of  
The difference between sacred and profane?

I was riding on my mother's hip  
She was shorter than the corn  
All the years I took from her  
Just by being born

I didn't mean to break the cycle  
At 17, I went by Michael  
No one ever called me by my own name anyway  
Five full generations living  
All these expectations giving way to one  
Late to have a baby on the way

You were riding on your mother's hip  
She was shorter than the corn  
All the years you took from her  
Just by being born